

THE BYSTANDER



Our Near-President Governors.
The Portuguese Traveling Snip.
R. B. Kidd's Homesickness.
The Mystery of the Ships.
The Rift in the Reception Line.
A New Quarantine Wrinkle.

Quite appropriately Governor George R. Carter has been called a Roosevelt man. Sometimes, when endeavor is crowned with success, he looks like the Great Teddy—from a distance—and in the strenuous line he quite reaches the mark. In the way of saying things that are radical and ruffling, George and Theodore have been likened, and it was also observable that after the one had announced that nothing on this green earth could induce another term the other followed up with a similar announcement.

And it may be prophetic that the one to follow Governor Carter should be a man more closely resembling Vice President Fairbanks than any of the other candidates for the shoes of Roosevelt. Physically, there is quite a resemblance between Governor-to-be Frear and Presidential-possibility Fairbanks. Neither of the gentlemen are stout to observability and the hirsute appendages of each are conspicuous features in their photographs. Temperamentally, according to many of the stories in circulation of the second citizen of the Republic, there are also points of similarity, although we believe that the frigidity of the Indianan is lacking in the Hawaiian. But it is just as easy to imagine Fairbanks and Frear sitting down together to a cozy glass of malted milk as it is to think of Roosevelt and Carter putting on the mits for a four-round go.

It is a fine thing to be a Portuguese these days, that is, if you are fond of traveling. For be it known that there is a philanthropic association in Hawaii just now with agents through California issuing tickets from San Francisco to Hawaii to all the Portuguese who apply at a nominal cost of two dollars and a half. This accounts to quite an extent for all the Portuguese traveling Hawaiwards these days in the Alameda. It is a cinch for any young Portuguese who wants to see a little of the world. He works a passage up to the Coast and gets a ticket back. On the last arriving Alameda was a German, who made a beeline for Hakfeld's the moment he landed here, demanding that the representative of the Kaiser get a rebate for him of the difference between what he had paid for his passage and the two and a half the Portuguese had each paid. Germany must not be discriminated against so long as the Mailed Fist could clench, but as no ultimatums have been cabled it is presumed that the case complained of has not been taken up.

I have heard that my friend R. Beverly Kidd finds San Francisco a slow town. After the regiments of hostile Japanese he used to meet in the back streets of Honolulu he finds the rock heaving of the strikers dull and unprofitable. After seeing what could be done in the way of diverting lava streams on Hawaii, the puny fire wrecks lack significance, and contrasting his ejectionment from the Robin's Egg-Blue Chamber with what little fuss Heney and Burns are making, he sees nothing doing. So he writes himself. I got another letter from a friend who has been chaperoning Kidd and he, too, tells me that R. Beverly is finding life monotonous and is growing homesick. Returning with him one night from a meeting of the Y. M. C. A., Kidd stopped before a horse watering trough and gazed at it with tears in his eyes. My friend asked him why he wept.

"Do you not see those dashing waves?" asked Kidd, pointing to the four and a half inches of water in the trough. "This raging surf reminds me of dear old Waikiki. If I only had a board I would mingle with the breakers and show you how we ride the foam in Honolulu."

And weeping, Kidd was led by the hand across the brick piles.

"The mystery of the ships" is something that appeals to me, and the greatest mystery of all is the restrictions of traveling on them. If I was a man with a pull there would be no mystery about it, for I would just go aboard and have my fine remitted; but being one of the eighty million common peepul, with neither pull nor transport privileges, I must perforce be both patriotic and patient if I would sail. It is funny that this patriotic business applies only to the water, another part of the mystery. If I want to ride ashore I can take my choice between a Jap hack, a Chinese hack or one driven by one of the free and untrammelled electorate. If I want to go around the island it is my privilege to choose whether I will pay my fare to the American shareholders of the Oahu railroad or to the Chinese driver of the stage. If I am on the mainland, in the New England states, I can travel about on the Canadian Pacific railroad; if I am in Minnesota I can travel from one American town to another on the same foreign railroad. I can go from Chicago to Detroit on the Grand Trunk railroad, managed in Canada and owned principally in England, or I can, on the other hand, ride through much of Canada on American-owned railroad lines. The people of Spokane, Washington, and of Seattle are very glad when spurs from the British Columbian railroads are built into their cities and Jim Hill is pushing numerous branches across the border into Canadian territory. And no one thinks it strange that these things are and no one ventures to assert that there is any lack of patriotism in the people patronizing the most convenient of these railroads. There would be a mighty stir if it was decided that Americans could not use the Canadian lines built in their country or that Canadians could not buy tickets from Jim Hill if they wanted to.

But hands are raised in pious horror at the very idea of any true-blooded American wanting to travel from here to San Francisco on a vessel flying the Union Jack. The very ink on the Constitution pales at the thought and the stars come tumbling out of their place on the flag.

All things being equal there can be no doubt but that Americans will patronize Americans, but when some Americans want to put other Americans to great inconvenience and force them to do this or do that in order that the dollars will go the right way, then the limit is passed.

After the Governor's reception at the Capitol a week ago last night, the Longworths stood out in the hall at the foot of the stairs for quite a while. People wondered what they were waiting for, and some of them imagined that Mrs. Longworth showed traces of impatience. But as it gave such of the public as still remained a good chance to stare at Mrs. Longworth, no protest was filed against her waiting. People also noticed that, first, Secretary Atkinson went out and then came back with a worried look on his face, then he went out again. Finally, the Longworths went out, and then everybody went. I didn't find out what was the matter until a day or two afterwards. It seems the Longworths came to the reception in a swell automobile. A lady of their acquaintance came with them. They took their places in the receiving party, the lady took her place in the line that was received. After passing the receiving party she had the auto called and went home. Before the auto got back the reception was over. When the auto was called for the Longworths it wasn't there. They waited awhile and still it didn't come. That accounts for the look of impatience some of the people thought they saw on Mrs. Longworth's face. Finally, a hack was called and the Longworths who had come in an auto went away in a hack.

Every once in a while I strike a new wrinkle in quarantine. Not so very long ago a steamer came here from the Orient. She sailed under a foreign

flag, and so didn't take passengers from here, except possibly some of the kind that have \$200 to blow in on maritime fines. The through passengers were allowed to go on and off the ship, but no resident, not even hackmen or laundrymen, was allowed to go on without a pass from the quarantine service. The only ones I heard of getting a pass, except the people directly concerned with the ship, were a prize fighter and two reputed women of the town, who were much in evidence on the steamer just before she sailed.

Small Talks

L. A. LOUISON—The coffee crop in Kona this season will be a big one.
BISHOP RESTARICK—The Japanese are flocking into Kona as they have never done before.

INSPECTOR FENNEL—Lots of people will tell me about who is breaking the liquor law, but none want to go up and give court evidence.

LICENSE COMMISSIONER LUCAS—A wholesale dealer has informed me that collections are much better since the reduction in number of booze shops.

A. K. VIERRA—We expect the biggest crowd that ever watched a ball game to be at Aala park today when Secretary Atkinson puts the ball over the plate and starts the Kalamianole league to playing.

MARIA P. LAMBERT—I think the law in this tropical country should make all dogs, chained or free, pay taxes so high that cruetate, starving, mangy dogs would not exist, and the Government would benefit by it, and all be happy.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY—I got acquainted with one of your saloonkeepers the other day. He told me he had quite a number of Christians among his customers and that he had provided a special door for them to come in and out so that they could escape observation.

W. L. HOWARD—The government ought to register the title of every piece of land before it sells it. It can register the title without cost; private owners can't. Take the Alewa lots for instance, it will cost the purchasers from \$50 to \$100 a lot to register the title.

W. L. HOWARD—Those wanting pineapple lands are slow to come up to the legitimate price of such. Good pineapple lands are equal in value to sugar cane lands. Their owners have the advantage, in the possible event of a falling down of the pineapple industry, of being able to turn the lands into cane.

COUNTY ENGINEER GERE—It will be an endurance contest all right if the automobiles start tomorrow. I have just returned from Koolau. It has been raining there for two days. Near Swanzy's place and at several other places, the roads are like winter roads. From Kahuku to Waalee the roads are seldom worse.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY—Huyler, the well-known candy manufacturer, is a great worker for total abstinence. He wears a button in the lapel of his coat bearing a white cross on a blue field, a design of his own, as a badge of total abstinence. He always carries a pocketful of them and gets others to wear them. I have secured a hundred thousand of them from him and want to get as many as possible of them into use in these islands.

The New Cure for Leprosy

New York Tribune.

The vibratory treatment, introduced some time ago by medical authorities, has been applied so successfully to patients suffering from sore muscles and other ills that it has suggested itself to many municipal and state health officials as an admirable method of treating leprosy. For more than a year various authorities have been using it with marked success, until now it may be called the orthodox American cure for the dread plague. Whereas the original vibratory treatment consisted in making certain afflicted parts of the patient's anatomy shuttle back and forth under the impelling force of some sort of a plunger or piston, the leprosy experts have modified this so as to make the entire patient vibrate back and forth between two or more towns.

It will be remembered that about a year ago lepers found by the health departments of several large Eastern cities were bundled into freight cars at lightning speed and shipped willy nilly to the nearest unsuspecting stopping place. Like many other forms of medical treatment, this was highly unpleasant to the patients; but doubtless the doctors were working for the best. The results justified the means, for it was found that as soon as lepers were treated in this manner there were no more lepers in the afflicted town—until the back swing of the vibratory treatment set in and the dispatched victims bobbed up some cool morning in the freight yards, waiting to be hurled off on a new trajectory. Yesterday's reports from Baltimore show that doctors still pin their faith on this treatment. Harrisburg, seat of the putty and gilt Capitol of Pennsylvania, consigned a Chinese leper to Baltimore, and Baltimore shuttled poor Yung Mock back to Harrisburg within an hour and a half after the patient had completed the first swing of his vibration. At the moment of writing we do not know whether Yung Mock, the victim of young mockers, is speeding back to Baltimore or is already on his second return trip to Harrisburg.

What the theory is which justifies this strange treatment we are unable to say with certainty. Modern medicine moves in a mysterious way its blunders to perform. But, if a guess might be hazarded, we should say that the doctors think the best way to avoid an epidemic of leprosy is to make the disease endemic. Railway cars should, therefore, be infested thoroughly with desiccated particles of leprosy cuticle, and under no circumstances ought a leper hospital be erected, as has been done in the backward state of Louisiana. If everybody can be infected with leprosy nobody will mind it, and all the expense and bother of maintaining strict quarantine will be avoided. Furthermore, the vulgar herd do not think of endemic ills as unpleasant things, for the word "endemic" has never become popular enough to cause uneasiness in simple minds, whereas "epidemic" is fraught with suggestions of pain and death. Let the vibratory treatment of leprosy be encouraged in all cities; it booms the railroads, which are now dependent over minority two-cent fare laws; it relieves municipalities of taxes and the trouble of employing intelligent health officers with cranky notions about the suppression of disease and disaster, and it gives many a sealy wretch a chance to see the world from a car window before he dies miserably. After all, travel is the best education, according to many authorities, and must we not educate the leper with the same tender care shown in training the healthy?

AYRES GOES UP TO GRAND JURY

Herbert Melton Ayres, editor and owner of The Referee, was committed to the Federal grand jury by U. S. Commissioner George A. Davis yesterday morning, on the charge of circulating lewd matter through the mails. He was released under a bond of \$1000 furnished by himself and Mrs. Ayres.

It was an error to say that District Attorney Breckons laid the information. Frederick J. Hare, Postoffice Inspector, was the one who swore out the warrant. He and Jos. G. Pratt, postmaster of Honolulu, and District Magistrate Whitney were the witnesses called at the examination. Although the District Attorney had been consulted in the first instance, it was the Postoffice Inspector who sent The Referee to Washington, and the Deputy Attorney General attached to the Postoffice Department advised the prosecution of Ayres.

The Commissioner quoted the following from United States v. Moore, 129 Federal Reporter at page 161: "The poison of the asp may lie beneath the honeyed tongue, just as a beautiful flower may contain a deadly odor." It is the effect of the language employed, conveying obscene, lewd, or lascivious suggestions, tainted with immorality and impurity, which is

struck at by the statute."

Commissioner Davis, on this authority, held that the necessary inference from the article in question—the "Palolo" article—was obscene and tended to offend the sense of decency, and it was immaterial if the words used were not in themselves obscene. He considered the article a violation of the statute, otherwise he would have discharged the defendant.

Ayres was not represented by counsel at the examination.

JOHNNIE WILSON GETS BIG BILLET

John H. Wilson has been appointed Superintendent of Roads for the County of Maui by the Board of Supervisors. He is a son of Chas. B. Wilson of Honolulu and a graduate in engineering of Stanford University. On coming out of college about nine years ago he joined his classmate, L. M. Whitehouse, in partnership, the firm getting the contract for building the road across the Pali. The partnership was dissolved later. Until recently Mr. Wilson was doing road work for the County of Kauai. He had five rivals for the Maui position, including his father, who withdrew before the choice was made.

Mrs. H. A. Jaeger arrived from Kauai yesterday morning.

THE COASTWISE LAW QUESTION

"Yes, I have noticed the letter of Mr. P. C. Jones relative to amending the coastwise laws," Mr. Jas. F. Morgan said to an Advertiser reporter.

"Mr. Jones says, 'Now our Promotion Committee cries out to have these restrictions removed.'"

"As a member of this committee I have never heard any expression from it, as a body, on the subject, and the fact that Mr. J. A. McCandless, a member, has given his views does not bind the committee to all his ideas."

"Personally I feel that there is a great deal of good, sound sense in Mr. Jones' ideas. I also feel that we should use a great deal of discretion in advocating a change."

"I think that a change in the law, allowing the President or the Secretary of Commerce and Labor the discretion of suspending the passenger clause, would be of great assistance to Hawaii, but as soon as it is shown that conditions do not warrant the suspension then the existing law should be enforced."

"This, I think, would be the means of bringing strongly before those who were responsible for the defeat of the ship subsidy the fact that American shipping should receive governmental assistance, and thereby render unnecessary a waiver of the coastwise law to allow folks to travel between here and the mainland on foreign vessels."

"Mr. Minton's idea in regard to circulating the good words of Mr. Straus relative to these islands had been carried out before his letter appeared. This was shortly after the meeting at which they were spoken had adjourned. Members of the Promotion Committee were present and took down all the remarks so pertinent to the attractions of Hawaii. By the mail leaving today thousands of copies of these remarks go abroad, but the committee cannot cable this testimonial, for, while Mr. Minton says that 'the cost will be a mere bagatelle in comparison with the results,' the committee, would like to get that 'bagatelle' before it runs any debts at the Cable office, the present income of the Promotion Committee not allowing of the extra expenditure."

"Of course, the committee is not only willing, but very anxious to receive any contributions that our residents will make to the cause, to be used in telegraphing or in any other way to forward our work."

RESUME ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA

The Oceanic Steamship Company will start its Australian service from San Francisco, via Honolulu, on the first of the year, according to the rumors which are extant in the offices of the Spreckels Company. A complete reorganization of the company will be effected before that time and a number of the old employees, who lack up-to-date steamship ideas in their heads, will be let out to make room for more progressive men.

The officers of the Alameda have heard this story from the best of authority, according to their statements, and the same tale has been brought to this city on the recent steamers of the Pacific Mail line. From the fact that the story, with the same general details, has spread through San Francisco to such an extent, it seems that there must be something to it.

The Oceanic Steamship Company is being reorganized under the personal direction of "Jack" Spreckels and there will be many changes made both in the management and in the working force before the San Francisco-Australian route is recommenced.

The last payment of interest on the bonds of the company was delinquent, but was paid up before July 1, and the Oceanic is still, on this account, under the same name as it was previously. It is expected that the interest which is due on January 1 will be defaulted, and that the company will then be subject to a foreclosure, which will mean putting up the vessels at public auction. If this is done they will, in all probability, be bid in by the bondholders, J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Company, and the service will be resumed under that name.

CITIZENS GETTING CLEAR OF JURIES

HILO, August 9.—In his charge to the grand jury at Kohala, Judge Matthews drew attention to a too evident desire on the part of citizens to escape serving on juries and attending court. The judge referred especially to the difficulty of securing juries in the Third Circuit, especially at the last term held in Kailua, when former Senator Paris was foreman of the grand jury. At the Kohala session not even Mr. Paris was available for service because he had secured a commission from High Sheriff Henry, appointing him as deputy sheriff. Other citizens had secured appointments and commissions for small offices, thereby claiming exemption from a citizen's duty of serving on juries. The judge said that these claims had now reached such a point that it was extremely difficult to secure good juries in his circuit.

SET HER COMPASS.

The ketch Snark, Captain Warren, made a short trip outside the harbor yesterday morning to ascertain the variations of her compass. The Snark had quite a party on board when she went out, among them being Lieutenant McCleary and Lieutenant Cushman.

SICKNESS COMES WHEN LEAST EXPECTED.

A little forethought may save you no end of trouble. Anyone who makes it a rule to keep Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand knows this to be a fact. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

A CLOSE CALL FOR AUTO RACERS

(From Monday's Advertiser.)

Never could people be nearer to death and still escape with their lives, than the occupants of the Peerless car, owned and run by Captain Barneson, of the San Francisco firm of Barneson-Hibbard. Thrown over a cliff, thirty-five feet in height, their car rolling over two or three times before it finally landed in the Moanalua creek, the four occupants escaped with a broken rib and a few bruises as the sum total of their injuries.

The car was in different condition altogether. One wheel torn off, the front seat carried away entirely, the back seat bent nearly double, the steering wheel twisted as if it had been smashed in the jaws of a gigantic vise, the Peerless, probably the finest automobile in the city, lay in the water of the creek. How such damage done could occur to the car, with so little injury to its occupants, is the wonder of all who have seen the wreck.

The following story is told of the accident by one of the occupants of Jim Quinn's Buick car, which contributed in part to the accident:

"We had been ahead of the Peerless car from the time that we left Haleiwa, as we started more than thirty minutes ahead of Captain Barneson. He came up like the wind, doing some of the most reckless driving that I have ever seen. He skidded around corners and made speed which was dangerous to life and limb."

"The accident occurred on the road at Moanalua just before we reached the side road leading to the polo grounds. We were traveling at a fair rate of speed but by no means an excessive one. At the top of the hill, some three-quarters of a mile back, Barneson had blown his horn as if to say that he wanted to pass us. We pulled over to the side and gave the opportunity, which he did not avail himself of, however. At the place where the accident occurred the road is hardly wide enough for two cars to pass abreast; and there was no reason that he should have selected this spot."

"He never blew his whistle at the time, but simply came rushing up and just as he did so Quinn turned his car out a little from the right hand side to avoid some rocks and the Peerless just touched us. The contact was so slight that a fender was barely bent, but it was enough to send the Peerless over the bank, crashing down through a fence and into the creek."

"At the time, Quinn never knew that an accident had occurred, but drove ahead till we called to him to stop. Even then he could not understand what was the matter till he looked back and saw the wrecked car, lying in the creek. Of course, we came back at once and did everything that we could."

Word was sent at once to the doctor of the military post at Fort Shafter and he came instantly, taking a steward and a stretcher. Before he reached the scene of the accident, however, he met a machine which was bringing Captain Barneson in. He was taken to the military hospital and placed on a stretcher, then being carried into the operating room. It was thought at first that his injuries were severe, but examination showed that with the exception of a broken rib, and a number of severe bruises, he was all right. The shock of the fall was worse than any actual injury.

Dr. McCallum of the Twentieth took charge at once, assisted by Hospital Steward Wood, and soon had Captain Barneson in condition to be moved to the Moana Hotel. He was able to walk out of the hospital himself, though naturally suffering a good deal of pain.

Those riding on other cars state that Quinn cannot be blamed for the accident as he had the right of way and could not be expected to turn out. They also say that Captain Barneson is by no means the most careful of the drivers in the city. He has a machine which is capable of a high speed and likes to make use of his high gear when given an opportunity.

On the other hand, it is stated that one of the occupants of Quinn's car had been drinking quite heavily and that he waved his hand to Barneson, from the back seat, telling him to come along. At this the San Francisco man is said to have started ahead. Quinn did not know what his passenger was doing, as his energies were bent entirely on handling the machine in a narrow and bad piece of road. He supposed that since Barneson had neglected to take the first opportunity of passing, he would not try to do so till they reached the smooth, wide road, only about 500 feet away, for this reason he was not expecting Barneson to try to pass at this juncture. He states that Barneson had not blown his horn for at least three-quarters of a mile before the accident occurred, and that in trying to pass without this signal he was violating the rules of the road.

The occupants of the Peerless car were Captain Barneson, his son, Harold Barneson, Mr. Brady and David, a native employed by von Hamm-Young's garage.

The first person to reach the scene of the accident was Foster Davis, employed as a bookkeeper by H. Hackfeld & Co. He was out on a tramp and saw the machine topple over the cliff. He hurried to the scene and was there as Captain Barneson was pulling himself out from where he had been pinned by the ruins of his car. Davis gave all the assistance that he could and his efforts were seconded by the occupants of the other cars which came up one after another.